

The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1912

THE ANNIVERSARY OF APPOMATTOX.

Forty-seven years ago this afternoon what was left of the incomparable Army of Northern Virginia laid down its arms. Rather than surrender, General Lee said on the morning of April 9, 1865, that he would "die a thousand deaths," but in a later moment, when he was asked "What will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" he replied: "I know they will say hard things of us. They will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers. But that is not the question. The question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility." How characteristic of the great captain of the Confederacy to say that he would shoulder all the burden of blame! Forty-seven years have passed since those words, and to-day the Army of Northern Virginia and its matchless leader command the admiration of the world, and history ranks Lee with Leonidas and Appomattox with Thermopylae. To-day we do understand the unparalleled heroism of that weary, starved, hand-picked, who sobbed with broken hearts as they said farewell to "Marse Robert." Mankind understands now, and appreciates. The slender ragged gray line severed at Appomattox marches forever in the memory of the world, and the banner over it is immortal glory.

PAVING BROAD STREET.

The smooth paving of Broad Street demands consideration on two grounds. First, as the work done this year will mark the beginning of the improvement of the foremost retail street in Richmond, and as this work will be kept up for several years, it is of prime importance that the beginning be made right. The type of paving adopted should be carefully considered in the light of the demand upon it for the next decade, so that additions to it can be made in uniform style to the best advantage. There should be no hasty use of any kind of material that will prove unsatisfactory and out of date before the whole district is completed.

On the other hand, it is absolutely necessary that some decision be arrived at, the various steps in approving the plans and letting the contracts be pushed through, and work actually begun in order that the reconstruction may be finished during the summer and fall before bad weather adds to the difficulties that will of necessity follow upon the tearing up of the street. The Council and the Street Committee should profit by the experiences of the past, when avenues have been made practically useless because of the delayed opening of work. The summer is obviously the time for such improvements, not only on account of favorable weather conditions, but also on account of the lighter traffic on the street during the dull months. Holiday shoppers next year should walk upon a new Broad Street, scorchingly and beautifully paved.

We presume it is no longer a question that the principal shopping thoroughfare will be smooth paved. The two objections that smooth paving is slippery in bad weather and that it will not stand the heavy traffic have been reasonably met. This street is practically without hills, which give the most trouble from sleet and rain. The middle section can be surfaced with material to offer a sure footing for the traction of heavy loads. And even if on a few days of the year the going may prove difficult, for a great majority of the time no such difficulty will be encountered. As to the character of traffic, it is not so heavy that smooth paving laid on concrete foundation will not stand the wear; and for any permanent paving such a base is a necessity.

The committee should make no premature choice of any paving. The careful and open-minded consideration of the merits of all styles will result in the best street. In this connection, it may be suggested that other cities have found the crocote wood-block an excellent pavement for downtown purposes. It is practically noiseless, easily replaced after excavation, readily cleaned, dustless, and after a few years shows no appreciable wear. The fibres of the wood become matted together, giving a permanent, smooth surface. Properly selected blocks are insured against decay by an eighteen or twenty-pound treatment. The "bleeding" during warm weather for the first two years can be remedied by a slight dressing of sand. But whether asphalt or crocote blocks, brick or some other paving be adopted, the work should be commenced in time and done in the most scientific manner.

COUNCILMAN POLLOCK'S RECORD. It is said that some narrow-minded mossbacks among the splendid citizens of Madison Ward on the South Richmond side are seeking to prevent

the re-election of Common Councilman Gilbert K. Pollock because he worked for the new plan of better government for Greater Richmond. The argument against him is that he voted to readjust the city into four wards. The adoption of the four-ward plan merged Washington into Madison Ward, but that in no way means that the interests of the citizens in South Richmond are to be neglected. Four wards are better than eight, because the fewer wards a city has the better it is governed and the better off are the people of every section of the city. The new Administrative Board, co-operating with the reduced City Council, will take care of the interests of all sections, share and share alike, instead of a little to one and a lot to another, as now effected by unfair ward alliances. The improvements guaranteed to South Richmond under the annexation ordinance are all expressly continued under the ordinance providing for the new form of government.

Councilman Pollock's record entitles him to most careful consideration from the voters of his ward. It was his resolution which proposed the appointment of a committee to formulate a better plan of municipal administration for Richmond. It was he, as chairman of that committee, who appointed the excellent citizen members of that committee and originated the idea of having such members. He attended all sessions of that committee; he made a critical study of forms of city government; he brought to the deliberation of that committee the experience of sixteen years' intimate acquaintance with city affairs and city needs. In the fight for the adoption of the new plan of government he was aggressive, resourceful and unrelenting, doing much to achieve its adoption. As subcommittee of the Committee on Streets and floor leader for that committee in the Common Council, and as a Councilman he has done good work. He is the second oldest member of the Common Council in point of service.

The new plan of city government must be fairly tested. It deserves a fair show and fair play. Not its enemies, but its friends, should be elected to the City Council this summer. It is to the interest of the citizens to send to the City Hall men who will give the new plan a chance to show whether or not it can give the people better, more economical and more efficient government.

"GIT." William Barnes, the Republican leader of New York, is no admirer of Roosevelt. It was he who gave the name of Orator Bay a never-to-be-forgotten political drubbing in New York just after the Banana Tumble had returned from shooting down unoffending elephants. In Saturday's issue of the Albany Journal, the Barnes organ, at the head of the editorial column in very black type appears the following hint to Roosevelt: "This country has always been a good place for all of us, always since it was founded. If now, nevertheless, many of us do not like it, there is all the rest of the world in which they may select a dwelling place. This country must not be turned topsy-turvy to suit their topsy-turvy ideas." This chimes in with our suggestion that Roosevelt could try out all his anarchistic theories at the South Pole without protest or molestation, but it is suspected that Barnes would like to see the ex-President in a very, very much warmer climate.

OUR SUPREME STATE NEED. "Whereas, our taxing system of Tennessee has become so inequitable and burdensome to all classes that in our opinion much capital and many desirable citizens are going to other States which should come to Tennessee; therefore, be it

"Resolved, first, That we favor the unconditional repeal of our back-tax laws, for they have brought much evil and no corresponding benefit.

"Second, That we favor a revision of our entire tax system, in order that the burdens of taxation may be equitably borne between different classes of property and between property of the same class in different localities.

These resolutions, in substance, adopted by commercial and manufacturing organizations in Tennessee, will appear weekly in the Tradesman "until the purpose for which they were passed has been accomplished."

The Tradesman, he it noted, is an authoritative and influential industrial trade journal published in Chattanooga. Out there the business men are lining up for a fight which is "going to be the men of affairs against the professional politicians, the taxpayers against the tax assessors, the men who provide the State's revenues against the men who are squandering them, the producer against the parasite." Farmers, bankers, professional men, laborers, merchants and others are joining in a movement for tax reform in Tennessee, and they will keep at it until they succeed.

these legislative grones, who put contemptible smartness and personal ambition for Congress, the Senate or the speakership above the welfare of the State.

"We must have a tax commissioner. Virginia is driving away her own sons and daughters by putting taxes on everything but the right thing," protested a correspondent in yesterday's Times-Dispatch, and he is right. The cowardice, the selfishness and, above all, the contemptible demagoguery of some of the so-called legislative leaders at the last session of what we are pleased to call our law-making body defeated tax reform. For our part, we should like to see tax reform made the paramount issue in the next campaign for the General Assembly and for the governorship. Let a candidate come out and pledge himself to the cause of tax reform, and the people will send him to the Capitol. Let the issue be the creation of a tax commission. If this is done, the following hypocrites who used the name of the people in vain in killing a tax commission this year will be left at home and patriots sent here and not pettifoggers and political peacocks.

AN EASTER SATURNALIA.

Are all the solemn anniversaries of the year to be turned into festivals of the flesh? Is there to be left no single holiday of the spirit in all the procession of the days? From the accounts we have read of Easter observances throughout this land, where cries about the last word of civilization and progress, a visitor from Mars might think that man had sold his birthright of soul for a strange, vacant body, pampered and bedesened, the tortured residence of perverted nerves and evil lusts. Gaudy clothes, extravagant food, exotic drinks, these are the sacraments wherewith the superman keeps Easter. To tens of thousands there came no moment's memory of the humble Galilean who preached that man shall not live by bread alone. At Atlantic City there was a saturnalia of carnival madness and fleshly display.

In a description of the scene that comes near being literature, the Baltimore Sun paints the crowd thus:

"Seen from a balcony above the Boardwalk, the parade resembled a monstrous, idescent serpent, slowly winding along a difficult way. The colors were flashing and glaring. Reds of the most vivid tones, the yellows of the young velvet held, the yellow of the goldenrod, the purple of the passion flower predominated. As a whole, it was a riot, a spree, a drunken delirium of color. A wonderful thing the parade, and, oh, yes, it has no end. Nowhere in America, at least, was there such a heterogeneous collection of human beings gathered together to celebrate in such manner the anniversary of Christ's resurrection from the dead, and perhaps nowhere in this land was this anniversary celebrated by such orgies as could be witnessed last night in any one of half a dozen places here. And to-day hour after hour they marched along, seeing and being seen, with hardly a glance at the grand old anniversary of its billows on the shore and roaring out its age old song of the infinite."

Of course, this was Atlantic City, and the other side of the picture was in the thousands of pimple services of true thanksgiving held on Sunday, and in the tender sentiments of faith and love they aroused. But that Easter anywhere should mean such an apotheosis of man's baser nature is a saddening thought. We cannot but think of what a tragic painting stern old Cagle, who depicted the vice and virtue of a sleeping city in "Sartor Resartus," would have made of this scene, or the cynical frankness with which Le Sage's Limping Devil would have laughed at man's vanity. Even the delicate and beautiful fabrics that decked this Easter idly must feel ashamed of the low destiny to which they have come.

Even up in Page county the actress is her own press agent. Mrs. Jackson the first of last week "lost a hundred-dollar bulldog," says the Page News and Courier. "She stated that she had been offered that much for the animal. It is thought that the dog was poisoned. Anyway, the animal now sleeps in its grave on the banks of the Hawkehill, under the Casino."

The Czar and the Kaiser will meet in Finnish waters in July. When the Kaiser goes to see the Czar and the Czar goes to see the Kaiser, they ordinarily go to sea.

How unfair it is to expect a large man like Mr. Taft to be satisfied with only one cup of coffee!

Baltimore papers say that city can care for all at the Democratic convention. The question is rather, at the price, can all care for the city?

Waging a campaign may explain the high cost of living to the presidential candidates.

Woodrow Wilson says the man who stole his suit-case stole trash. But at that he got off better than Marse Henry, who tried to fitch his good name.

The tourist trains to the far South have stopped running, but the tourists can come down to Richmond to live without any trouble.

Secretary Knox cables back from South America: "Have accomplished purpose." Glad to hear it, Philander; nobody knows what you have been trying to do.

Have you got your ticket for the Dollar Dinner yet?

A wave of patriotism is sweeping France. Abstinence drinking is on the increase, too.

In spite of his splendid equipment, when anybody hurls his words in Teddy's teeth, he never eats them.

On the Spur of the Moment
By Roy K. Moulton

Ah, Yes, 'Tis 1912. Now comes the campaign orator, he of the foghorn voice. Who tried to make us think that he can revive the nation's choice. He pulls the good old eagle's tail and waves the starry flag. We will applaud to hear him blurt and bluster and blow and brag. He is the seasoned orator and charms us with his song. And we all think he's right until the next one comes along. The next one says the first is wrong, and we agree with him. And stamp our feet and clap our hands with patriotic vim.

The third one comes and proves to us the other two were wrong. They're demagogues and hypocrites, and simply don't belong. We throw our hats up in the air and cheer with might and main. This fellow's right. We know it, and we change our minds again.

The fourth one comes and then the fifth, and many more as well. And every one of them has a brand new tale to tell. They're out to save the country, but they've got to have our aid. We quite agree with every one in turn, we are afraid.

Caught on the Fly.

A Chicago woman has been jailed for refusing to talk. And a woman who refuses to do that should be allowed full freedom for an indefinite period. Madero is now having all of the troubles that Diaz had, and a few new ones which have been invented since Diaz abdicated. An American baseball team has gone to Japan. It will probably capture not only the baseball, but the highball honors of that country. That Missouri man who has been sentenced to obey his wife six months would probably prefer a straight penitentiary sentence.

One idea of no sort of a good job is that of reading proof on one of those new Chinese revolutionary newspapers. It takes a pretty lively sufraget to crowd the Dowager Empress of China off the first page of the news. It is not illegal to tip a waiter in Kentucky, but it is probably still legal to shoot him in that State. A Harvard professor says bread and butter is the ideal food. It is also about the most expensive.

According to Uncle Abner.

One of the hardest questions of real importance that a feller has to solve in his life is what kind of pie to order in the restaurant. You have to make up your mind in a hurry, and you are never satisfied, no matter which kind you order.

One class of people ain't much interested in the newspaper column headed "Happenings of Twenty-five Years Ago," and they are the old maid.

One of the most embarrassing things that can happen to a community is to have the fire engine house burn down.

There is one dead moral certainty, and that is that every editor and preacher that kneels all about here to edit and preach ain't workin' at it.

It ain't no disgrace for a married man to be bald headed.

Go in to church ain't no more a sign of sanctity than wearin' a leather cap is a sign of genius in an automobile.

Every feller ought to have an aim in life. Then maybe he can get a job shooting glass balls in some wild west show.

Hank Tumma always buys domestic cigars when he wants to smoke at home.

Hod Purdy always carries his lunch to work with him, but he eats it before he starts, so as to save time at noon.

Voice of the People

The Claims of the Candidates. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—In opening a discussion of the presidential candidates for 1912, a reader of the status of North American politics will prepare the way for an intelligent criticism of the men.

Our government is, and without a supervening revolution must continue to be, a government of parties, and no man can be elected to the presidency who does not first subscribe his will and principles to the dictates of an organization in order to secure the nomination on one of the tickets supported by a great body of the people, nor is this an un-mixed evil, for as party platforms are, or should be, the expression of the ac-tual desires of a large faction of voters who think and act alike, so the chosen candidate should be the natural leader, who personifies the principles in the minds of his constituents. But, though we are ruled by party pledges in the platform of the winning side, it by no means follows that it is the regular voters of that

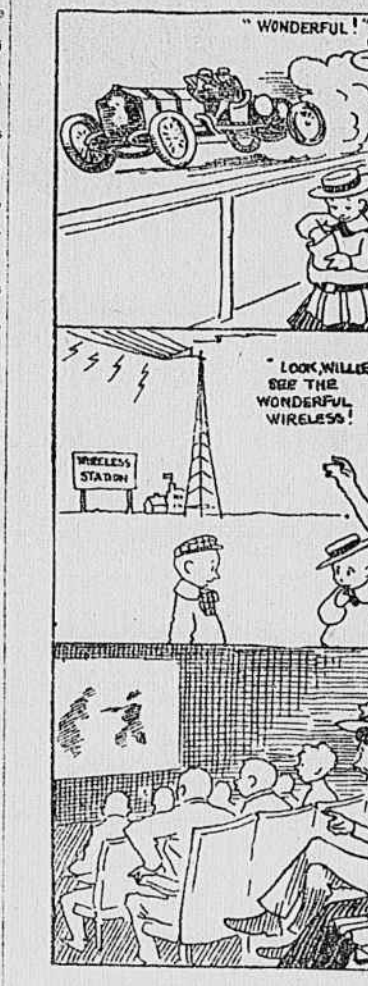
Abe Martin



THINGS DON'T SEEM WONDERFUL IF YOU'VE SEEN THEM ALL YOUR LIFE.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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Party, the men who represent it in the national convention, who actually bring about that result. The real electors of the country, the men who, are those who shall fill the office, and who are in consequence swung back and forth between the leading factions as their reason or their prejudices may lead them. It is to this class of voters that the party leaders must cater if they are to win success.

It is not the man the Democrats want who should receive the Democratic nomination, nor is it the man the Republicans want who should receive the Republican nomination, but it is the man the independent voter wants who is going to win, and with him the party wise enough to select him.

It is true that sometimes a party falls so low in the national estimation that none of its candidates can be elected, and it is also true that a party sometimes rises so high in the people's confidence that almost any man they select can win. Both conditions illustrate an unfortunate national condition because either permits the dominant party to put forward a candidate who is acceptable to the party rather than to the independent voter, who represents so much that is best in our national life.

If we concede that the unattached vote holds the balance of power, it becomes interesting to analyze its composition. It is made up of the following classes:

1. Business men who desire stable conditions under reasonable terms.
2. Adventurous spirits who seek a change to profit by the confusion.
3. Lukewarm Republicans who will only support the party under pressure of unusual excitement.
4. Lukewarm Democrats who will only support the party under pressure of unusual excitement.
5. Members of other parties who, despairing of the election of their own choice, ally themselves with what they term the lesser evil.
6. The rising generation, who would generally choose the proper course if they only knew how.

It is these six classes that the campaign must cater, rather than to the party leaders, in the coming conventions, for never during the past twenty years has there been an outlook where the staunch party men, the men who would vote for the Devil himself at the head of their wicked army, so helplessly were deprived of the support of the fluctuating independent vote as in the coming election.

Since Mr. Bryan's first defeat no sane man has for one moment doubted that the Republican nominee would be elected, but this year there are symptoms of a change, a swing of the pendulum of popular prejudice toward the opposite side, and it devolves upon the Republicans to arrest that tendency, upon the Democrats to accentuate it. In the selection of the presidential candidate lies the means.

Taft and Harmon, Wilson and Roosevelt pose before us, each with his claim to some fraction of the independent vote. Any one of the four can poll the vote of his party machine, but who can swing the largest section of the unattached minority? Let us endeavor to forecast its leanings, but before we proceed to point out that the party first to act, if it guesses rightly, has an immense advantage, and is virtually beaten if it makes an error, for there seems to be an established precedent, in the selection of candidates, which requires that the personality of the men should differ as widely as the principles for which they stand, and which in a sense allows the members of the convention first to elect to exercise some control over the choice of the succeeding convention. Especially is this true as applied to the four candidates above mentioned, for they divide themselves naturally into two classes across the party line. Taft and Harmon stand together as conservative men, appealing to the same interest, prejudices, and sympathies, the reactionary of all classes; they are the old men's candidates. Wilson and Roosevelt, closely allied in the attributes with which popular opinion invests them, appeal strongly to the adventurous, the progressive and the hopeful; they are the candidates of youth. So far an equality exists, but in other respects they

claims diverge widely. Enough has been said to clearly demonstrate that Wilson is the natural antithesis of Taft, and Harmon of Roosevelt.

Let us proceed to analyze the independent vote, and endeavor to assign to each candidate his quota of constituents, commencing with Mr. Taft.

1. The Republican machine vote.
2. The business man's vote.
3. Very little of the lukewarm Republican vote.
4. None of the Democratic vote.
5. No vote from members of other parties.
6. A scant support from the rising generation.

For the purpose of comparison we take up the candidate whose claims most closely approximate the above, and follow with Mr. Harmon:

1. The Democratic machine vote.
2. The business man's vote.
3. Very little of the lukewarm Democratic vote.
4. None of the Republican vote.
5. No vote from members of other parties.
6. A scant support from the rising generation.

An analysis of the above will show that these candidates are not strong when opposing each other, but either would be so as opposing the two following. We will commence with Mr. Roosevelt:

1. The Republican machine vote.
2. No business vote.
3. A very large lukewarm Republican vote.
4. No Democratic vote.
5. A good vote from other parties.
6. The enthusiastic support of the rising generation.

As Harmon's claims closely approximate those of Taft, so will those of Roosevelt be found bearing a similarity to the claims of Mr. Wilson:

1. The Democratic machine vote.
2. A small support from the business man's vote.
3. A good share of the lukewarm

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Democratic vote.

5. A fair support from members of other parties.
6. A good support from the rising generation.

A careful consideration of the above will show that, conditions being fairly equal, the party making fair choice will, or should, practically dictate the action of the party following, for if Harmon should be the Democratic choice, Roosevelt would be the only logical opponent, and should Wilson be the choice, Taft personifies the antithetical condition.

It will, therefore, be evident that those who control the destiny of the first convention should consider not only the strength of their own man, but the weakness of the man who is his most logical opponent.

It is not the purpose of this paper to advance the claims of any candidate of either party, but simply to point out those general principles which have controlled conventions in the past, and which may be logically expected to control the conventions of the future. The four men are taking note from any deep-seated prejudice in their favor, as opposed to other presidential timbers, because of the well-marked phases of their respective characters, which serve to illustrate an existing condition.

PERCIVAL HICKS.

The Rights of Woman.

The rights of woman, what are they? To labor, to love, and to pray. To weep with those that weep; To wake when others sleep. To dry the falling tear; To quell the rising fear; To smooth the brow of care, And whisper comfort in despair. To watch the parting breath; To soothe and cheer the bed of death; To watch when earthly hopes all fail To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim; And win the lost from paths of shame; To comfort and to bless The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide; To plant the seed of noble pride; To teach the child to love and pray; To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train; And guide the soul to noble aim; To teach it to rise above earth's toys And wing its flight for heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love; The right to die that love to prove; To brighten earthly homes With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well; Thy silent influence none can tell. If these are thine, why strive no more? Thou hast enough to answer for.

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not; That woman's mission is thy lot. Improve the talents God has given; Life's duty done, thy rest is heaven.

Appomattox—April 9, 1865.

'Twas on the 9th of April, year of '65, The snow had left its resting place, The bee had left its hive; The sun had warmed the meadow And loosed the frozen hill, The wintry wind had changed its note To one less loud and shrill!

Stern winter had reigned supreme With all a tyrant's power; Had trailed his frosty banner Now before that bore a flower. Beneath the sun's warm glow, Honor frost had ceased his carnage, "Green glories" gau to grow.

Richmond.